

Exhibit B

**UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK**

In re Terrorist Attacks on September 11, 2001	03-md-1570 (GBD)(SN) ECF Case
This document relates to: <i>Thomas Burnett, Sr., et al. v. The Islamic Republic of Iran, et al.</i>	15-cv-9903 (GBD) (SN) ECF Case

DECLARATION OF GEORGE JOSEPH BACHMANN

I, George Joseph Bachmann, pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746, do hereby declare under penalty of perjury as follows:

1. I am more than 18 years of age and competent to testify in court to the matters stated below. The statements made in this Declaration are based on my personal knowledge.
2. I was a citizen of the United States on September 11, 2001, and remain so today. Attached as Exhibit A to this Declaration is a true and correct copy of my proof of citizenship, my Certification of Birth showing that I was born in Brooklyn, New York on July 9, 1951.
3. On September 11, 2001, I was present at World Trade Center Towers when the terrorist attacks occurred. I was a firefighter with the Fire Department of New York (F.D.N.Y.) for more than 27 years. I was stationed at Ten House, the fire station right across the street from the World Trade Center. Our companies were the first to respond. Five firefighters from Ten House were killed that day and the firehouse was nearly destroyed by the towers' collapse. It stood, though, and in the months after 9/11 it served as an emergency command center.¹

¹ The story of Ten House's firefighters on 9/11 was told in a lengthy newspaper article on September 12, 2002. Attached as Exhibit B is a true and correct copy of the cover page and two chapters from the story, showing the references to me. It is found here: <http://www.fdnymtenhouse.com/911/story01.htm>.

4. I took the subway to Cortlandt Street station that morning and walked to the firehouse. Inside, I was talking with my Captain when suddenly a screaming rocket explosion cut through the air. The foundation of the firehouse shook with the force of it. I looked out the window onto Liberty Street, but all I could see was a snowstorm of paper. I yelled that something had hit the tower. All hell broke loose in the station as we geared up to respond. In our engine, we used our sirens to break through the throngs of terrified civilians outside.

5. At the North Tower, I commandeered a Scott oxygen mask from another fire engine and went into the lobby, where first responders were evacuating civilians. My 27 years of experience told me this was the big one. I saw a pair of human legs sticking out of partially-closed elevators doors, and was told there is nothing we can do because the plane had cut the elevator cable. In the rear of the plaza, a lake of jet fuel was burning in an inferno. Two airplane seats, still with passengers buckled in, were in the middle of the lake.

6. I found a stairwell and climbed all the way up to a staging area on the 37th floor, passing an exodus of fleeing civilians that dwindled down to stragglers. The firefighters were all sweating from the effort. All of the sudden, the building started to rumble and shake. It went on for about eight seconds. Then Chief Picciotto gave us a Mayday, telling all of us to evacuate down to the lobby level. I was unaware then that the South Tower had been hit by another plane and collapsed, since we had no radio communication. On the way down, at about the 16th floor, a group of us ran into Captain Patty Brown and the men of Ladder 3. We told them about the Mayday, urgently, trying to get them to come with us, but they kept going up anyway.

7. In the lobby, there was no order left and no sense of a job that any of us could do. People scattered. I felt something dripping on my shoulder, looked up, and saw blood. Bodies of civilians who had jumped were hung up on the canopy overhead and it was dripping blood.

Outside, toward West Street, something broke loose from the canopy and fell right in front of me, with an indescribable wet thump as it hit the pulverized ash. It was a young woman in a bright floral dress, with blood bubbling from the corner of her mouth.

8. I could see that the South Tower and adjacent hotel were gone, simply not there. Flames engulfed whole buildings. A group of men emerged from the toxic white fog carrying a figure, which in the dust looked like a Michelangelo sculpture. It was our beloved fire department chaplain, Father Mychal Judge. I turned and saw two Chiefs. They told me the radios were down and I should check on the South Tower, so I ran there, past burning bodies and emergency vehicles. There was little to report of the South Tower except its complete destruction. Electrical wiring was arcing at the bottom of the hole, spewing sparks like fireworks at Coney Island. I ran back to the Chiefs and gave my report.

9. A woman was screaming about 50 yards away from us. She was trapped inside a white van that had been crushed by a South Tower girder and was on fire. I ran over to assist with the rescue. At the same moment, the North Tower began to rip open. Another firefighter and I took cover behind a girder. A tremor shook the earth and a shockwave blew past, ahead of the debris cloud. The two Chiefs were caught out in the open and consumed by the cloud.

10. I was buried in rubble from the collapse of the North Tower, on West Street in what was known as Quadrant 1. I was rescued by a group of firefighters some time later, brought down to the harbor, put on a police launch, and medevacked to a hospital in New Jersey. I was on the F.D.N.Y.'s missing list for a few days before being accounted for.

11. I suffered the following specific injuries on 9/11 from the collapse of the North Tower: herniated lumbar discs, herniated cervical disc, and lumbar and cervical injuries. I was

burned on my neck, face, and head. I had severe head and neck trauma, and I now have a plate in my head. My back was broken in two places. I received regular epidural shots.

12. I lost my short-term memory of the days surrounding 9/11 as a result of the impact. I gradually recovered my memory with the use of prescribed pills, a dream journal, and hypnotherapy. Recalling my memory allowed me to testify before the 9/11 Commission and write a memoir of my experiences on 9/11, titled *Tara's Cross: The Magnificent Sighting*, which was published in 2010. This declaration is drawn from my words in the book. Attached as Exhibit C is a true and correct copy of the cover of my book. I told my story as an audio recording for the national StoryCorps project; the recording is with the Library of Congress.

13. I was awarded the World Trade Center Double Star Rescue/Recovery Citation for my work at Ground Zero. I met Mayor Giuliani at the five-year anniversary ceremony.

14. I am now retired and on disability. I received $\frac{3}{4}$ disability from the F.D.N.Y. on October 24, 2003 for my 9/11 injuries. Attached as Exhibit D is a true and correct copy of the disability award letter I received. I also receive benefits from the Department of Veterans Affairs for my service in the Army between 1970 and 1972, where I received a Purple Heart, Combat Infantryman Badge, and Airborne Wings. Attached as Exhibit E is a true and correct copy of a December 17, 2018 V.A. benefits letter, showing me rated 70 percent disabled.

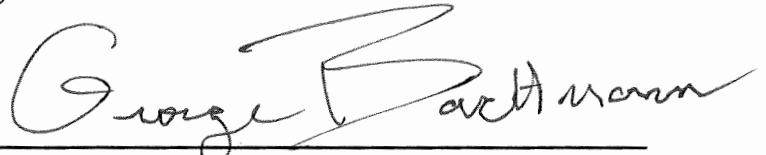
15. I continue to experience PTSD and medical problems as a result of my experiences on 9/11. I have been unable to work since then. I went through Alcoholics Anonymous because of my drinking. I nearly died once after 9/11, when I got drunk on beers while watching a 9/11 documentary and then took sleeping pills. I was saved by F.D.N.Y. EMTs. Many of my fellow first responders committed suicide or overdosed from survivors' guilt.

16. I previously pursued a claim (Claim Number Unknown) through the September 11th Victim Compensation Fund related to my physical injuries incurred on September 11, 2001. My claim was determined to be eligible for compensation. I executed a Certification of Identity form on July 29, 2016 and Motley Rice submitted a FOIA request to DOJ on June 17, 2019, seeking my VCF files.

17. My wife Annie was a registered nurse and first responder. She developed lung cancer from her work at Ground Zero after the September 11 attacks, with lesions on her lungs and brain. She passed away on September 28, 2011 at the age of 56. She had been in charge of the World Trade Center Health Program for the first 10 years after the terrorist attack. She was the fourth nurse to pass away. I received VCF claim payments on her behalf for personal injury and wrongful death.

I declare UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY that the foregoing is true and correct.

EXECUTED on this 13 day of January 2020.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "George Bachmann", written in dark ink. The signature is fluid and stylized, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

Signature of George Bachmann, Declarant

Exhibits Filed Under Seal